A NEW EDITION,

With ADDITIONAL PARAGRAPHS *and* ADVERTISEMENTS.

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DAILY ADVERTISER,

IN METRE.

[Price One Shilling and Sixpence.]

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BY

THOMAS STERNHOLD, ESQ.

FORMERLY OF THE *TEMPLE*, NOW OF *STONECUTTER-STREET.*

No argument like matter of fact is. HUDIBRAS.

LONDON,

PRINTED FOR G. KEARSLY, (No. 46,) FLEET-STREET.

M DCC LXXXI.

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MDCCLXXXI.

PREFACE.

GENTLE READER,

IT is neceſſary to inform thee, That, fired with the love of Fame, like my ſublime Anceſtor Mr. THOMAS STERNHOLD, of immortal memory—(of whom not to know, would argue thyſelf both unknowing and unknown) I reſolved to endeavour to produce a Poem, the originality of which ſhould be acknowledged by the moſt ſevere Critics of the age—I alſo determined to adhere cloſely to matter of fact; to reject, with the caution of a faithful Hiſtorian, the aſſiſtance of poetic invention; and to convince the Literati of the poſſibility of

A uniting

uniting the two Characters of Poet and Hiſtorian with propriety.

My firſt taſk was, to find an untried ſubject; an arduous taſk indeed. I ſtudied—from a Man to an Inſect; nay, from an Empire to an Atom, I ſeemed to have been anticipated; yet let us not give way to deſpair: after much profound ſpeculation, I, fortunately, fixed on my preſent theme; a theme which none of the Ancient Hiſtorians and Poets have attempted—it is the Hiſtory of Yeſterday, as recorded in thoſe faithful ſheets called News-papers; and I flatter myſelf, that, when the vaſt utility of my deſign is fully known, I ſhall not be diſappointed of ſuch liberal rewards as the Great and Opulent have uniformly beſtowed on Men of Genius. Shall I be ſlighted more than SAVAGE?—Surely not.—BOYCE had the friendly ſhelter of a Workhouſe, and a decent funeral at the Public expence; which is a plain proof, whatever may be ſaid to the contrary, that Men of Genius are always provided for, even in theſe degenerate days.—But to proceed—It has long been a matter of complaint in Coffee-rooms, that Gentlemen keep the News-papers too long in hand—My Plan is a remedy for this glaring evil; for, as inſtruction conveyed to

us

us in Metre is more eaſily retained in the Memory than if it had been delivered in Proſe; witneſs the famous lines,

Thirty Days hath September,
April, June, *and* November, *&c.*

ſo, if the intelligence imparted to us by means of Newspapers was given in Verſe, Gentlemen would ſoon get it by Heart, and much time would be ſaved; a conſideration of too much importance to Trade and the Community to be neglected by an enlightened People: and as, probably, there will be a Perſon appointed as Laureat of the day, I have a right to expect that the Office will be beſtowed upon me, with a genteel Salary, as a reward for my labours.

Should time and health permit, it is my intention to publiſh *Burn's* Juſtice in Metre, for the uſe of the Gentlemen of the *Quorum*. The utility of this Work, I am confident, will ſtrike my Readers immediately; how much time will be ſaved, how many aukwardneſſes avoided!—Is the Clerk abſent?—No matter—his Worſhip is not at all embarraſſed—he has Law at his Fingers' ends.

I intended

I intended to give out my Propoſals, and a ſpecimen of the Work, long ago; but being employed in reviſing The pleaſant Hiſtory of the *Gentle Craft*, and the *Seven Champions of Chriſtendom*, of which new editions are now in great forwardneſs, I am obliged to defer this Work till I have leiſure.

I am,

Gentle Reader,

From my Lodgings, at a Chandler's - Shop, in Stonecutter-Street.
Pleaſe to inquire for the thin Gentleman in a Tye-Wig and Boots.

Thy loving Friend,

THOMAS STERNHOLD.

N. B. I am removed from the Temple, on account of its being too far from Field-Lane, where I uſually dine, except when I am confined at home, to intenſe ſtudy.

THE

INVOCATION.

GENIUS of NONSENSE! lend thy friendly aid;
Kindly aſſiſt me, and my fortune's made;
Inſtruct me in thy Myſtery profound,
Things heterogene to jumble and confound:
Enraptur'd do I view thy Harlequin,
Thy Pantaloon who forces us to grin,
Thy Columbine, the envy of the Miſſes,
Thy Clown, at whom *Nan* laughs until ſhe ———;
If not too much engag'd at *Sadler's-Wells*,
Lend me awhile thy wondrous Cap and Bells,
Thy Arts ne'er fail to bring the needful Chink,
For folks can ſee, and laugh, who cannot think;
Be thou, loud-laughing Goddeſs, my adviſer,
That I may ſing *The Daily Advertiſer*.

THE

DAILY ADVERTISER,

IN METRE.

SHIP NEWS.

DEAL.

FELL down, the *Concubine*, Wind W. S. West;
The *Charming Polly*'s carried into Breſt;
The *Amorous Suſanna*, Captain Leer,
Was boarded by the *Trimmer* Privateer;
The *Roſy Beſs*, the Helmsman being drunk,
Was run down by the *Jolly Tar*, and ſunk;

The

The good Ship *Drury*, Captain Simon Sneak,
Weigh'd anchor, and made ſail for Stangate-Creek;
The *Female Patagonian*, Captain Hoar,
In turning up, miſs'd Stays, and run aſhore.

LONDON.

Laſt Night arriv'd a Mail from Flanders,
Which brought—The famous Med'cine for the Glanders.

The Patriot our fallen State deploring,
My Lord was overpower'd—he was ſnoring.
Sir *John* was on his legs above two hours:
The Auditors were tir'd—not he—how great his pow'rs!
To prove his argument, he ſpar'd no pains.—
Now to be ſold, a quantity of Grains.

Yeſterday

Yeſterday died *John Doze*, the Special Pleader—
The fatteſt Ox e'er ſeen—*Cruttenden*, Feeder——
Laſt Monday died, ſuppos'd of ſuffocation—
'Tis by a ſimple outward application——
Periſh'd thro' Want, a moſt ingenious Writer—
Warren's fam'd Paſte makes dirty hands look whiter——
Arriv'd at Bath, Miſs *Prue* and Lady *Dangle*—
A ſhocking ſtory.—To be ſold, a Mangle.——
As fam'd *Perdita*, laſt night home returning,
Some Sparks of Fire—much damage—left them burning——
The Gentlewoman who foretells Events—
Some rogues broke in, and ſtole the whole contents——
A puny Race, that crawl, and fume, and fret—
And fly to *Mansfield* for relief from debt——
Inſanity—Great bets are now depending—
Fair character—acquir'd by Money-lending——
A ſingle Lady of a pleaſing form—
True Eider-Down, to keep a perſon warm——

A new Diſcovery, the Milk of Roſes—
A Waſh to kill the Maggots in your Noſes——
A Son of famous Colonel *Katterfelto*—
Removes the Vapours inſtantly, if ſmelt to——
To-morrow Ev'ning, Pray'rs begins at Five—
Thelypthora—Now to be ſeen alive,
The double-headed Heifer—Double-Fee,
'Tis thought, will ſtrengthen the Minority——
Monſieur *Veſtris* will dance a Saraband—
Money advanc'd, ſecur'd by freehold Land——
Marriage—a Gentleman who ſcorns baſe Views—
Inquire for Serjeant *Trap-all*, near the Meuſe——
Youth educated with the ſtricteſt Care—
Inquire in King's-Place, near St. James's Square——
The beſt Perfumery by *Moſenau*;
Tho' the front's narrow—makes but little ſhew,
A large aſſortment he will always keep;
For, like his myſtery, his ſhop is deep.

On

On Monday Mr. *Tootel*'s annual Ball;
The Minuet de la Cour—The noted *Fall*——
Dumb Perſons taught to ſpeak; Maſter—*Tellfair*—
Genuine Wines, neat Rum and Brandy—ſwear——
A Gentleman diſorder'd in his mind—
And ſtill inſiſts on taking Tythes in kind——
For Sale by Private Contract—many Votes—
Money advanc'd on Gentlemen's own Notes——
To be ſold cheap, ſome antique Chimney-pieces—
Old Maids—and with Annuities their Nieces——
A worthy Man unfortunate in Trade—
This Ev'ning there will be a Maſquerade——
Theſe wretched Planters having loſt their all—
To-morrow Evening Monſieur *Veſtris*' Ball——
An Infant found in Lady *Faddle*'s yard—
My Lady's Lap-Dog loſt, Five Pound Reward——
Now to be ſold, a Secret that will clear,
Not the leaſt riſque, Three Hundred Pounds a Year;

But

But two of this ſame Trade can now be found;
The loweſt Price, at once, is Twenty Pound——
A Lady wants to board a Gentleman;
Apply to M. M. at the Golden Fan——
Whereas a Gentleman, in blue, was ſeen
Driving a phaëton near Liſſon-Green;
The Lady in the brimſtone-colour'd gown
Would wiſh to know if he reſides in Town:
She begs he will directly call upon her,
But hopes ſhe may rely upon his honour.——
Roſy Veſtina, Deity of Health,
Preſents reſpects to Plutus, God of Wealth;
Hopes no offence; wants temporary ſums,
Which will prevent th' impertinence of Bums;
And, as the aids requir'd are pretty weighty,
To fetch them home ſends Gog and Magog, mighty:
If to her aid his Godſhip does not fly,
She fears, tho' deem'd immortal, ſhe muſt die.

Juſtice

Juſtice is blind indeed!—Oh, ſtrange to tell!
Venus is driv'n from Hymen and Pall-Mall:
I ſee it now—his Worſhip—cunning elf,
Intends to keep bright Venus to himſelf.
So, when a youngſter, more than once have I
Carry'd to ſchool a ſav'ry mutton-pie;
The Maſter found it out, I got a beating—
He kept my pie, alas! for his own eating.

Wanted, a Chandler's Shop of pretty Trade,
By which a genteel living may be made.

Wanted, an active Coachman of light weight;
Alſo a Footman who can clean French plate.

Wanted, a Man of lib'ral Education,
Who will not growl at any Occupation

He muſt tranſlate, engroſs, and wait at Table,
Inſtruct the Children, alſo clean the Stable;
Keep clear Accounts 'twixt Creditor and Debtor;
And if he blows the French-Horn—all the better:
He muſt dreſs Hair in Taſte, and never flout
When he is call'd to draw the Child about;
Clean Knives and Shoes, and brew good Country Beer:
His Wages will be Twenty Pounds a Year.

Now wanted, a Lady for better or worſe—
Wanted, Lodging and Board for a Prieſt and a Horſe,
Whoſe public and private Life's very well known
To many reſpectable folks in this Town:
His Horſe muſt live well, or he's gone in a trice;
But as to his Maſter, he's not very nice.

Laſt Tueſday, Alderman and Colonel *Head*
Fir'd at a Turtle, and he ſhot it dead;

The

The body then, as previouſly directed,
Was carry'd to the Hall, and there diſſected;
And, having done the buſ'neſs of the City,
The Bill was then referr'd to a Committee.

Lately abſconded from *John Tugwell*, Dentiſt,
Donald M'Murdo, lawfully apprentic'd;
His Maſter, rather than the Lad ſhould roam,
Will draw the Teeth of him who brings him home.

Whereas *Joan Clark*, my Wife, is run away;
Let no one truſt her, for I will not pay:
I am her lawful Huſband, *Stephen Clark*;
And, tho' no Scollard, I have made my Mark.

Aſtley's—the famous Zebra—Proclamation—
Bangs—the fam'd Proteſtant Aſſociation.

A *Pariſan*,

A *Pariſian*, who loves the Engliſh nation,
Is come to teach the true Pronunciation;
Would fain make us forget our aukward ways,
And means to teach us how to act French Plays;
Proverbs Dramatique, and the Petit Pieces,
Which will improve our Children, Nephews, Nieces:
Attend, Monſieur, and hear a Proverb true—
Britons can never, more, confide in you.

An Engliſhman, of all men, is moſt free—
Preſs-Warrants granted—State neceſſity——
Gibraltar loſt—doubt you the propoſition?
Aſk of the Gentlemen in Oppoſition.

A Gentleman, in paſſing thro' the Strand,
Happen'd to ſqueeze a pretty Lady's hand:
He had a Diamond Ring upon his finger;
If brought home ſafe, he will reward the Bringer.

To all thoſe Ladies who muſt needs retire—
Rope-Ladders, of great uſe in caſe of Fire.

Yeſterday ſiddled out two Ducks, both lame—
Now to be ſold, a Monkey, very tame—
Some piping Bullfinches—a Maſtiff-Dog—
Walk in, and ſee the moſt ſurpriſing Hog—
Canary Birds, whoſe Notes are wondrous ſweet—
Inquire of the Warden of the Fleet.

Money advanc'd to Traders in diſtreſs;
Inquire for Meſſieurs *Crafty* and *Fineſſe*——
The never-failing Cure for th' Scurvy, Evil—
Signior *Placido*, and the Little Devil.

Timber, about an hundred ſtately Trees,
On which the Rooks for ages liv'd at eaſe——

Does any aſk, why are they to be ſold?
The Heir's extravagant, and wants the gold.

Cork-Jackets, Patent-Wheels, cheap Shirts and Smocks—
Sermons in Manuſcript, all orthodox——
A clever Gelding, full of blood and faſhion—
Fine Norway Deals, without adulteration.

This day by Auction to be ſold by *Browning*—
Some Children's Cauls, preſervatives from drowning——
Burgundy Muſtard to be ſold by *Preſſy*—
Cuſhions, Toupees, and Braids, and Curls to dreſs ye——
Wanted, ſome very curious Tabby Cats—
The beſt Diſcovery for killing Rats——
Queen's-Ware, whole Services, Mugs, Jugs—
Tiffin's fam'd Liquid for deſtroying Bugs——
The moſt invet'rate Corns remov'd with eaſe—
The bleſſed Med'cine—curious Iſſue Peas——

Leake's

Leake's famous Pills—The Liſbon Diet-Drink—
The Water-Cloſets that will never ſtink——
The precious Drops that cure Convulſion Fits—
The harmleſs Powder for deſtroying Nits——
Eſſence of Pearl—Anchovies and Caviare—
Bears'-Greaſe, which quickly clothes bald pates with Hair——
Kennedy—anxious to prevent diſaſter,
Gives notice of his never-failing Plaiſter——
Certain Preferment—To be ſold by Auction—
Too much cannot be ſaid of this Decoction——
Wanted to board, a Lady that's inſane—
The Chairmen muſt ſet down in Market-Lane.

A freehold Villa to be ſold by *Chriſtie*—
Excuſe me, Mr. *Anſell*, that I miſt ye—
This happy ſituation was found out
By Taſte, after much travelling about.——

She, charm'd with the romantic ſituation,
Which far exceeds all others in this nation,
Took chaiſe and four, and hurried up to Town,
To fetch a waggon-load of Builders down;
Reſolv'd to raiſe a pile without defect,
She bought the works of ev'ry Architect;
Poſt-haſte returning, various plans took down,
And ſhew'd their capabilities to *Brown*.
As Nature had completely done her part,
The reſt was left to Elegance and Art:
Hills ſunk to vallies, vallies grew to hills;
Up rais'd the buildings, and the workmen's bills:
Caverns were dug, an hermitage deſign'd,
Convenient when to ſolitude inclin'd.
Alas! imperfect is each human joy;
The Builder's pleaſures Mortgagees deſtroy:
No caſh at *Drummond*'s; all reſources fail,
Excepting one, ſad remedy!—a Sale.

Why,

Why, Fortune, wilt thou not more ſums advance?
Why thus reſtrain true Taſte and Elegance?
Aided by thee, and left to their direction,
A Lord might be the ſtandard of Perfection;
But wanting Caſh, the fault of which is thine,
He's forc'd to execute ſome baſe deſign.
Hadſt thou but granted him unbounded aid,
Would he let honeſt Tradeſmen go unpaid?
Tell civil falſehoods, or with ſcornful airs
Bid his French Valet kick them down the ſtairs?
Dame Fortune is a niggard, fie upon her!
Elſe ev'ry Lord would be a Man of Honour.

To Beaux and Belles—Monſieur **La Diſtortin*
Teaches the Canine, or the *Veſtris* Grin;
Perform'd by *Diſtortin* and, Dogs, Aſſiſtants.
Note—Cannot wait on Scholars at a diſtance.

* A new word, which the lexicographers are requeſted to introduce into their future editions.

Some Gentlemen, well knowing that a Nation
Cannot exiſt without ſome Recreation,
Have fitted up, at ſuch a vaſt expence
As will aſtoniſh ev'ry Man of Senſe,
A place to ſtretch our legs in after dinner;
But never to admit one female Sinner:
Some Puritanic folks have found this place,
And now, reſolv'd to bring it to diſgrace,
Deſire the Company to go to Church,
And leave theſe ſad Projectors in the lurch:
Said Schemers hope the Public will be willing
To reimburſe their Charges ev'ry Shilling;
For ſay—what Scheme's more laudable and wiſe
Than to promote a gen'ral Exerciſe?
Muſt *Faſhion* liſten to old doting Fools,
And be reſtrain'd by Puritanic rules?
Muſt not her Vot'ries meet to ſhew their Clothes,
But, like the Vulgar, go to Church, and doze?

Muſt he whom Airs Italian ever charms,
Diſtort his Features to ſing *David*'s Pſalms?
Shall Ladies ſoil their Silks on dirty Haſſock,
And ſit an Hour to ſee a ruſty Caſſock?
Not they, indeed!—the Elegant and Gay
Will go to Heav'n a much genteeler way.

The juſtly celebrated Maſter *Crotch*—
Left in a certain Place, a Silver Watch——
Now to be ſold, a famous Sailing-Boat—
Exchang'd, thro' a Miſtake, a new Great Coat;
Imagin'd, by a Gentleman in Black:
Pray call, and you may take the old one back.

Surtouts, Bath Beaver, Demi-Seaſon Cloaks—
About ten thouſand Cart and Waggon Spokes——
The only Warehouſe for full-bottom'd Wigs—
Dairy-fed Pork, and curious Sucking Pigs——

To the Humane who have the pow'r of giving—
A Clergyman would fain exchange his Living.

The Operator for the Hands and Feet—
Determin'd to reduce the Price of Meat——
Some curious potted Charr from Weſtmoreland—
A Dial, and ſome Alehouſe Pots, by Hand——
The Overſeers, regardleſs of her groans—
To be ſold cheap, ſome good hard Paving-Stones——
The Queſtion fix'd on for this Night's Debate—
'Tis fear'd the damage has been very great——
A num'rous Levee and—a Match of Grinning—
Bets five to four upon Potooooooooo's winning——
Lord C———, the moſt humane of Men,
Aroſe to ſpeak, and—ſat him down again.

Miſſing, a Citizen from Rotten-Row:
Aſk you the cauſe?—Affairs are but ſo ſo——

To

To the Afflicted, be they e'er ſo ill—
For the particulars, peruſe the Bill——
His Lordſhip, with amazing Elocution,
Preſcrib'd Oeconomy——An Execution;
My Goods are hir'd—aſk Mr. *Cabriole*;
" 'Tis but a Part we ſee, and not a Whole"——
This famous line of *Pope*'s the Peer repeated,
And the poor Plaintiff found himſelf defeated.

Flew from a Window in St. Martin's Lane,
A large Grey Parrot—*Note*, ſwears very plain——
A Duel fought between a Lord and 'Squire,
When happily their Piſtols both miſs'd fire:
Now pray, my Lord, did you mean ſo and ſo?
Not I——Did you reflect on me?—Oh! no——
Thus having ſav'd their Honours, and their Lives,
They joyfully return'd to meet their Wives.

Laſt Monday was interr'd in All Saints reſt,
In fun'ral pomp, Mr. *Ezekiel Peſt*;
A Uſurer whoſe heart, of blackeſt hue,
Nor Love, nor Friendſhip, nor Compaſſion knew;
In him Hypocriſy and Rapine join'd;
Religion's holy Garb the Wretch purloin'd;
Whene'er he pleas'd, ſhed Tears in plenteous ſhow'r,
Like th' Crocodile would weep, and then devour:
His Heart was a deep Mine of baſe Alloy;
But he is dead, and Orphans weep for joy.

To the Quality and Gentry—*Simon Jakes*
Neatly performs—what?—what he undertakes——
Courtier, mark this, and learn to keep your word—
One may extract a Moral from a ——.

To lett, a Shop,—great Trade for Wood and Coals,
Brick-duſt and Sand, Small-beer and butter'd Rolls.

An Eating-Houſe, with a good thriving Trade;
The Rent is conſtantly by Lodgers made;
Sells pickled Pork and Trotters, Tripe, Cow-heels;
Alſo a Jockey Cart with good ſtrong Wheels.

Green-Grocer's Shop—the Trade is quite compact;
The Miſtreſs lately died—it is a fact—
A great demand for Oyſters, Salmon, Muſcles;
A Perſon cannot fail to thrive who buſtles;
Buys Rags, flint Glaſs, old Iron—lets out Barrows;
A Jack-Aſs, and a Sow that often farrows.

To lett, an Alehouſe, from Annoyance free:
What means the man?—has he no Company?

A Public Houſe, the Rent all made by Lodgers,
With two Box-Clubs, beſides the Club of Codgers;

A great demand for Amber, Purl, and Gin—
It will not coſt much Money to come in;
Pleaſe to inquire, this day, for Mr. *Rouſe*,
At the Three Jolly Carmen—Not the Houſe.

ADDITIONS.

New Play, the Comedy of Affectation—
We hear the Foreſters—Anticipation.

Rich Suits, ſmart Liveries, new *Vis-à-Vis*
Drawn by a pair of—Jewiſh Mortgagees.
Some Sheriff's Officers detain'd the Carriage—
The firſt time ſince my Lord and Lady's Marriage.

The Brute now left her in this ſad condition;
Her fame loſt—Unconditional Submiſſion.

His Lordſhip, anxious to preſerve the State,
Return'd to *Brooke*'s—expected to ſit late.

Some State-Apothecaries have a notion
That Parliament requires an Annual Motion:
Meaning to purge the Body Politic,
They offer Medicines that make it ſick;
But, poſitive, and heedleſs of rebukes,
Still they preſcribe, tho' poor *Britannia* pukes;
Others inſiſt, of Phyſic there's no need,
And, like *Sangrado*, copiouſly would bleed:
Britannia, with hale Conſtitution bleſt,
Will long ſurvive, if Quacks will let her reſt.
Oh, lov'd *Britannia!* make this reſolution,
Never to tamper with your Conſtitution.

French Tutor for young Noblemen—*Grand Tour*,
Which makes young Lords from Engliſh manners pure.

Our

Our Youths now burn with Ancient-*Britiſh* fire—
A Driving-match between a Lord and 'Squire;
A match about a Maſtiff and a Man;
Or, who can win th' Executrix of *Ran*;
Large Sums depending, who the moſt can eat,
Or who can drink moſt Gin in *Dyot-Street*.
What varied forms our Noble Youths poſſeſs!
Like Maſqueraders, ſee them change their Dreſs;
To Honour ſee them, ſtep by ſtep, approach;
See future Miniſters now drive a Coach;
Each morn, my Lord is an accompliſh'd Groom;
At night, a powder'd Beau, and ſcents the room.
Who can ſee this, and not our Youths admire?
Poſſeſs they not the Ancient-*Britiſh* fire?
Pining *Britannia*, ſet thy heart at eaſe;
What canſt thou fear, when bleſt with Sons like theſe?
The Nation is undone!—theſe Places, Penſions—
'Tis hop'd, will put a ſtop to theſe diſſenſions.

A Com-

A Complete Body of Divinity—
Will be preferr'd to the next vacant See.

I ſay, their Shirts were not half long enough—
Unſerviceable Stores, Junk, Paper-ſtuff!

The Living is about Four Hundred clear;
A Curate wanted—Forty Pounds a year.

Friday a mad Ox ran down *Dirty-Lane*—
His Lordſhip drank ſix Bottles of Champagne.

The *Morning Herald*—ran againſt a *Poſt*—
No joſtling!—Odds but five to four at moſt.

Who make a ſplendid figure by E. O.—
The fair *Perdita* 's made a Parſon—So!

The Caſe of *Donnellan*—The Son-in-Law—
Genius of Nonſenſe—Notified *Breſlaw*.

The Magical Italian *Fantoccini*—
The Devil's in it if this fails to win ye.

A Cricket-match—Lord *Ta— — —le* and *Lumpey*
Will bett Ten Pounds to One that they can thump ye.

The Marriage-Act, my Lords, was a wiſe meaſure—
A trip to *Gretna-Green*—Party of Pleaſure.
Lowneſs of Spirits, Head-Aches, Loathing Food—
"*All partial Evil univerſal Good.*"

His Lordſhip has not preach'd ſome time; his Lungs
Are now too weak—*Weſtphalia* Hams—dry'd Tongues.

A Lady

A Lady with an ample Fortune bleſt
Is by a cruel Guardian much oppreſs'd:
Now, could ſhe find a Gentleman of Merit,
(But he muſt have a moſt undaunted Spirit,
Becauſe the Services requir'd are hard;
Such Services ſhe amply will reward:
Now, vanity apart, ſhe thinks her Beauty
Will make him take great pleaſure in his Duty:)
Her Fortune freely with him ſhe will ſhare,
For Money-matters are her ſmalleſt care.
Strict Secrecy requir'd; this ſhe intreats——
The Work at large may now be had in Sheets.

Neat Books now to be ſold at ſecond-hand,
Which few now read, and fewer underſtand;
The Works of *Bacon*, *Clarendon*, and *Boyle*——
The Books moſt read are *Weatherby*'s, and *Hoyle*,
Harris's Liſt, The Liſt of Firebrands:
Sermons lie uſeleſs on a Tradeſman's hands.

Hôtel—Celeſtial Beds, and—Who's the Dupe?—
Blanc-Mange, and Turtle, Vermicelli Soup.

Yeſterday died, juſt as the Game was o'er,
Dame *Agnes Baſto*; aged near fourſcore;
A Lady much regretted: She ne'er miſs'd
One day to meet her Friends, and play at *Whiſt*.
Her noble Table prov'd that ſhe liv'd well;
And when ſhe gave an Alms no Soul could tell:
She never ſuffer'd any Poor to wait;
She could not bear to ſee them at her Gate;
But rung her bell, and *John* or *Thomas* told
To bid them go, leſt they ſhould die of Cold.
By this her gentle nature we may gueſs;
She never could endure to ſee Diſtreſs:
Thus innocently paſs'd her life contented,
As much belov'd as ſhe is now lamented.

The rich Seed-Cakes by Dr. *Trusser*'s Daughters:—
The Devil take the Muse!—how my mouth waters!

Portable Soups, compos'd of Chicken, Veal—
O tantalising Muse!—think what I feel!

Andrews's Powders take out, in a trice,
All Spots and Stains—Monopoly of Rice.

Essay on Criticism—*The trifling Poem,*
The Daily Advertiser—Stol'n—I'll blow him:
All stuff and nonsense—not a grain of merit;
Pilfer'd from *Whitefoord*—not one drop of spirit:
'Tis his idea—mark how much decay'd!
It cannot live till the expence is paid:
There's neither wit nor humour, sense nor breeding—
Whitefoord's stale leavings of his damn'd Cross-reading!

Theſe Inſect-Critics now like Waſps annoy me:
Give me my Fly-flap, leſt they ſhould deſtroy me——
No—I'll not kill 'em; that would be too much;
I'll only bruſh them off with gentle touch:
Still they may buzz, though oft I may be bit;
If I am envied, I muſt have ſome wit.

Pro Bono Publico, John Counterfeit,
Being determin'd that the Poor ſhall eat,
Deſires them to take whate'er they pleaſe
Of his good *Iriſh* Butter, Bacon, Cheeſe.
He is determin'd now to do what's juſt:
The Poor ſhall fill their Bellies——Note—No Truſt.

French Milliner—Good Fires to air the room—
A great variety—a Crown the Groom.

Les Jartières à la Veſtris—Ladies, mind;
Obſerve they'll bring your Legs to *Veſtris'* kind.

No Garter in comparison with *French* is:
Your *English* Garters are for Kitchen Wenches,
With brawney limbs, like Doctor *Graham*'s Porters;
But not to bind a Lady's neat Supporters.
Now, that the *French* surpass us at Invention,
Is clearly prov'd at ev'ry State-Convention;
For instance—*Louis*, exhausted, wishes for a Peace:
How smooth his words! his Friendship ne'er shall cease:
The *English* Monarch is his *dearest Brother*;
He can't abide to think of any other:
He hopes that this destructive War will cease,
And *France* and *England* ever live in peace:
He really thinks, when this dispute's adjusted,
His Friendship never more will be distrusted.
No more will he contend for Pow'r, or Pelf:
As for *Bellona*—let her hang herself.
Can any one suspect his kind intention?
Yes—this fine tale is merely—an Invention.

Grant

Grant him a Peace, and go again to ſleep;
And, if you ever wake—'twill be to weep.
Britons, like ſilly Maidens, may believe;
But *France* ne'er promiſes but to deceive.

French Importations ſeldom fail to pleaſe;
They even ſent us o'er a new Diſeaſe,
Which ſeems to meet with gen'ral approbation,
For 'tis become the *Ton* all through the Nation.
The *Engliſh* Breed is much improv'd.—Oh, *France!*
To thee we owe our Taſte and Elegance:
Had it not been for thee, a *Britiſh* Peer
Might ſtill have ſmok'd, and guzzled home-brew'd Beer;
Fed on roaſt Beef; and, as to *Fricaſſée*,
It ne'er had been invented—but for thee.
The genteel Lounge, the Stare, which, like a frown,
The eye of modeſt Merit forces down;
The art of Trifling, and the pretty chat
About a Lap-dog, or a fav'rite Cat;

The

The ſtrict attention to each Nothing ſpoke;
The art of Smiling—when there is no Joke;
To each abſurdity to give aſſent;
To profeſs Friendſhips which we never meant;
To covenant with Inſincerity:—
How much, oh *Gallia!* do we owe to thee!
Does ev'ry Son of *France* betray his truſt?
Oh! no—the Muſe will never be unjuſt:
She laſhes Vice, with Folly ſhe makes free,
But venerates true Worth and Bravery.
France ſtill abounds with Men of Spirits fine,
In whom ſtrong Reaſon and true Worth combine.
No national abuſe ſhall ſtain the page;
Vice is the object of the Muſe's rage:
Her Friendſhip's not confin'd on narrow plan;
Whoe'er is worthy, is an *Engliſh* Man.

Wants a ſnug place, a handy Chamber-Maid;
Thinks ſhe can pleaſe, and not of work afraid.

Wanted, a Lady's Footman—not a drone;
Muſt act as Helper; weight eleven ſtone.

We hear the profits of the Exhibition——
Met in the Channel—Secret Expedition;
Some ſay, to buy a Rainbow, for its tints;
Nothing tranſpires, that's certain—theſe are hints:
Some ſay, that *Graham* will inſpect their Works,
And give, where needfull, vivifying Jerks;
For Painters' Colours lamentably fade;
And many Works, alas! are hid in Shade.

The *Macaroni's* being in a paſſion,
As well they might, for want of ſome New Faſhion;
Tailors for fame ſtood forth as Candidates;
And ſearch'd for Taſte, but ſearch'd in empty pates.

Thus did the ſummer fruitleſsly advance,
'Till great *B*———*n* ſought the aid of *France*:
'Twas there the brilliant *Artois* Frock was ſeen,
As ſaid, in honour of a pregnant Queen, ‡
But meant to prove, as we may fairly gueſs,
That Tailors exceed Queens in Fruitfullneſs:
'Tis ſtrange, in *France*, that any Tailor durſt
Foreſtall his Queen, and be deliver'd firſt.
This Frock aſtoniſhes our Gothic Nation,
And, like ſaid Tailor, foils imagination.
Now muſt we weep—this Artiſt muſt relate
A dire event, ordain'd by adverſe Fate:
He really cannot, more than he can fly,
One half the *Maccaroni* Fops ſupply;
So great is the demand for *Artois* Frocks,
It gives to credibility damn'd ſhocks.
See how the Cuſtomers beſet his door!
What Tailor ever ſaw the like before?

‡ Of France.

See

Hark, how they ſhout!—" More *Artois* Frocks, *B*— — —*n*;
" Give us more Frocks, thou knock-knee'd Son of Mammon!"
What could be done?—he rummag'd his poor *cranium*,
And found, at leaſt, a happy *ſuccedaneum*:
How fortunate was this!—The thought was quick,
And, like a Needle, pierc'd his ſcull, tho' thick;
What does he do?—He gets ſome fine ſtrip'd Cloth,
Of charming fancy, light as any Moth:
'Twas made to imitate the Prince's Sattin;
He calls it Prince's Stripe, having no Latin:
But, *Nota bene*—Any Lord, or 'Squire,
Shall be attended, if they ſo deſire:
But do not any other Tailor ſend;
The dogs are ſtupid—that will ſerve no end:
For to the world he boldly now makes known,
That Taſte and Elegance are his alone.

THE END.